

CONNIE RELEASED NABORS BECAUSE THE ATHLETICS WERE THE ONLY TEAM HE COULD BEAT

JAWN KILBANE READY TO CLAIM AND DEFEND LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE AGAINST ANYONE AT 133 POUNDS

Featherweight Champion, Elated Over Welsh Victory, Will Step Out of His Class to Meet Heavier Boxers—Toney's Fine Work

JOHNNY KILBANE, through his manager, Jimmy Dunn, is preparing to claim the lightweight championship of the world. His decisive and clean-cut victory over the Englishman Tuesday night is one reason, and the other is that he considers himself the only legitimate 133-pounder who can defend the title. It is almost a certainty that Johnny's claim will not be taken seriously, but it furnishes food for thought. The featherweight boss has just as much right to it as any one else, for who is there in the country at present who can beat him at 133 pounds? There is only one dangerous man—Benny Leonard—and we are told that he cannot make the weight. Then there is Johnny Dundee, but the Wop has been slipping fast, and is not nearly so good as he was last year. The other lightweights, weighing from 140 to 160 pounds, cannot be considered, so it looks as if Johnny had the field all to himself—with the exception of a feeble chirp from the Dundee camp. A battle between this pair would simplify matters and clear up the situation to a certain degree, and then the argument would start all over again.

IF THE champion is allowed to dictate on the legal weight limits, here is a problem to study over. Three years ago Willie Meehan was boxing at 122 pounds. Just suppose at that time he won the championship in the featherweight division and defended it successfully against all comers. Today he weighs close to 200 pounds. What is the answer?

Kilbane Willing to Meet Leonard—If He Can Make 133 Ringside AFTER Kilbane trimmed Welsh there was considerable talk about matching the victor with Benny Leonard in a ten-round bout in New York some time within the next month. This did not pass the conversational stage, but it reached the ears of Kilbane, and he had a few ideas to express on the subject. "I will be glad to box Benny," he said, "but I will not allow him to enter the ring looking as big as a house. I consider the lightweight limit is 133 pounds ringside, and Leonard will have to make that weight if he wants to talk business. I will meet anybody in the world at 133, but that is the limit. I cannot give away too much weight and expect to have a fair chance."

Speaking of weights, here is an inside story of the weighing-in stunt pulled Tuesday night. Kilbane made no attempt to take off any poundage, but tried hard to put it on. This was difficult, as he was training strenuously, and he continued to tip the beam around the 125-pound mark. The day of the battle he weighed a shade under 128, but announced his weight as 130, to conform to the New York law, which prohibits bouts when there is a difference of more than ten pounds in the men. Welsh showed the indicator up to 134½ at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, but entered the ring five pounds heavier. He looked drawn, showing that the weight was made with considerable difficulty. After the bout Johnny weighed himself and found that he had taken off four pounds and scaled 124. Yesterday he weighed 130 with his clothes on. Kilbane still is a legitimate 122-pounder, and can make that weight. When he takes on the lightweights in the coming campaign he will not weigh more than 126, which gives his opponents the advantage of seven pounds.

THIS is the third time a featherweight champion has defeated—if you can call popular decisions defeats—the lightweight titleholder. Abe Attell had Battling Nelson hitting the ropes, diving into the spectators and running his head against the posts one night at the National A. C. here, and Terry McGovern knocked out Frank Erne in their battle. Terry, however, insisted that Erne weigh 128 ringside, and Frank was too weak to defend himself.

Fred Toney, Latest No-Hit Twirler, Has Varied Career

BIG FRED TONEY, Cincinnati's most recent hero, at last has come into his own. Like every other twirler in the big leagues, he has dreamed of the day when his name could be placed in the hall of fame with the other no-hit twirlers, but he also had another idea in mind. He wanted to prove that he could "come back, and this recalls some ancient history. Several years ago Fred was twirling for the Winchester, Ky., club in the Blue Grass League. One day he pitched a 17-inning no-hit contest, and performed this feat while a scout for the Cubs was among those present in the grandstand. Toney was signed by the Chicago Nationals and heralded as a wonder when he broke into the big show. But Fred exploded as a large league star. He had words of speed, but his control was awful. He lasted a couple of years and was shunted to Louisville, where he had his good and bad days, but mostly bad. He was given another chance, but couldn't stay up, so he went back again and twirled indifferent ball. Finally at the end of the 1914 season he was turned loose and politely requested to shift for himself. He was a free agent, with nothing but a reputation of having the "speed of a railroad train but wild as a mountain hare."

HE DID good work in 1915, and last year showed an improvement. He pitched in 41 games with a total of 300 innings, and won 14 and lost 17. He struck out 146, gave 78 bases on balls, made 6 wild pitches and 76 earned runs were scored. This year he has won four out of five, which points to a real record.

Holds Chicago Cubs Hitless for Ten Innings

IT SEEMS strange that Toney should pitch the best game of his career against the club that turned him loose. The Windy City aggregation was held hitless, and scoreless for ten innings, thus giving Fred a chance to prove once more that they sometimes "come back." It also is a strange twist of fate that another castoff, Jim Thorpe, should be instrumental in winning the game. Jim's hit to Vaughn in the tenth did not reach first base in time to catch the Indian and the runner scored. Kopf, who was cast adrift by the Athletics, came in with the winning run. The castoffs seemed to have had a busy day.

Jim Vaughn, by the way, also came in for his share of glory. The hefty south-paw breezed through nine innings without allowing a run or a hit and, according to the box score, came out of the game with only one bingle chalked against him, that coming in the tenth. It was a tough game for Hippo to lose, as a glaring error by Cy Williams was responsible for the defeat. In the last inning Kopf singled and the next man fanned. Hal Chase lifted a high fly to center, which should have been an easy out, but Williams muffed it and Kopf kept going to third on the throw-in. The next batter was disposed of and Thorpe hit that easy roller which allowed Kopf to score. Had it not been for that foolie they probably would be playing yet.

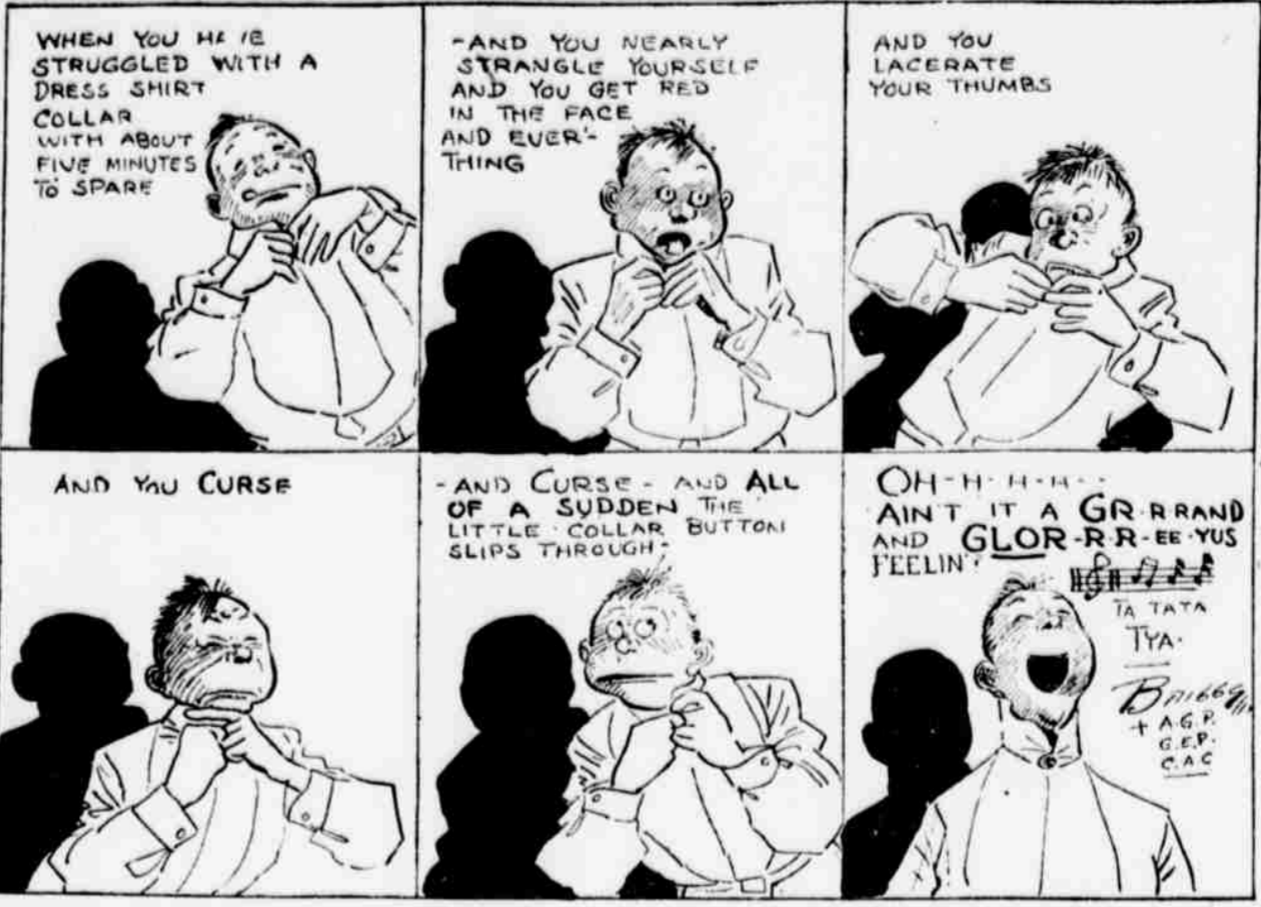
THE season is just three weeks old and three hitless games have been twirled. Cloutie blanked St. Louis on April 14 and Mogridge handed it to the Red Sox on April 24. Now the National League breaks in with one. The pitchers must be going good this year.

Boston Braves Made Things Interesting for the Fans Yesterday

THE beanball was conspicuous by its absence in the combat yesterday, but Stallings's squabblers helped make the day a success by adopting different tactics. Instead of taking it out on the Phillies, they gave vent to their wrath when the umpires failed to decide plays the way they saw them, and three were chased to the clubhouse. In the sixth inning there was a close play at first, and Johnny Evers, who was in the catcher's box, let out a prolonged howl. He followed this up with a vigorous protest and was sent to the bench. More harsh words were spoken and Jawn was canned for the day. The only trouble with Evers was that he thought out loud. That's a bad habit, as no player ever won a decision from an umpire on the ball field. Two other players joined in the chorus, and they, too, were ordered to take an early shower. Outside of that, the ball game was very good. Dumb base running on the part of the Phils, which resulted in a score, won the game, but as it turned out in our favor, it might be best to call it wonderful work. Cravath and Stock attempted to move up a base after Wilhoit failed to throw out Bancroft at the plate after catching Whitted's fly, and Gowdy whipped the ball to Smith. Red had a chance to get either man and retire the side, but he threw the ball away and Stock came home.

BARNEY DREYFUSS, owner of the Pirates, is a bit hot under the collar. Barney's complaint is over the Merkle situation. He takes the position that the Pirates deserved consideration above the Cubs when it came to placing Merkle for the best good of the league. The Smoky City boss states that he made Owner Ebbets an offer for the first baseman, but got scant consideration. "If somebody will ask for a favor," avers Dreyfuss without mentioning

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



FASTEST FIELD IN SOME SEASONS SWATS 'EM OUT IN ATLANTIC CITY FIRST-CURTAIN GOLF TOURNAMENT

Old Rivals Mingle With Stars and Veterans—Foolie Fining Foolish

By SANDY McNBILICK ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 2. STARS may glitter and stars may filter, but still they keep account of Atlantic City. The competition for the Atlantic City cup, which is the main trophy for the taker of the finals, will be exceptionally keen if all the hangers-on of the same do not turn over and point the other way.

Each invitation tournament at Northfield, spring and fall as the years roll on, seems to bring new faces among the stars, and this year is no exception in the tournament, which went to the tee at 9 a. m. this a. m. The top-heavy favorites for the finals were the chairs were cozier today at the seashore course were the Frothingers (Corkran, the Duke Demon Duo). They stood out from the field like buttons on a padded hip. But there is plenty of competition promised for these two marvelous mashing mechanics in Percy Platt, flushed from the "rags" he gave the field at Lakewood, when he won the finals there last week; P. S. P. Randolph, Jr., whom he met for the trophy, and three "dark horses" from Canada, whose excellence at the royal and ancient game is said to be par or even better.

Past Winners Slack This is this year's assortment. None of the winners of tournaments of the last two or three invitation soirees at Atlantic City is to be found among those who knocked out the fungus to qualify.

Once it was Max Marston. Another time it was J. S. Worthington, the famous Englishman. Schuyler Van Vechten stood beyond the field in the spring tournament last year, and so it has gone, usually a rank favorite, with the rest of the field shaping itself as best it might to meet the onslaught of the conqueror.

The entry of the Corkrans insured the success of the tournament right at the start, and the subburned fans gathered around rubbed their hands with feeling in anticipation of some fine finals.

Warren Corkran, the leader, is the favorite. His brother, Chick, says there are two golfers in this country whom he never expects to beat, and they are Max Marston and his brother.

He has never been able to beat either, though he plays golf just as well as either, better many times. But his brother, it is said, can take Clarke out at Baltimore, where the two play, and beat him any day of the week, Sundays and holidays included.

This is a strange fact. Also pit the tall Marston against chunky Clarke and it is invariably certain for the latter.

Grudge Match "Clarke went to the semifinals of the national last year at Merion and was the one to give Chick Evans about the toughest match he had. In the making of his fame at Merion the youthful Corkran next only beat Perry Adair, but he also ousted one of the local buds of the last season, George Hoffer, who went to semifinals of the local championship last year.

Hoffer, we happen to know, was ill at the time. Another thing which sounds like a sorry ailment, but which is the fact, was that his midiron had been mislaid out of his bag and he tried to use a club of Benny Sawyer's instead. It didn't work, what worked against success for the local youth. Hoffer is playing a good game now, and if he meets Corkran he says he is going to make up for the loss of that match in the national.

There will be great doings, for both are master shotmen. Hoffer, with Ed Clary, seems to be the leading candidate for honors from the Quaker City. It was in this

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

By LOUIS H. JAFFE JOHNNY KILBANE got less money for his ten-round bout with Lightweight Champion Fred Welsh than he did when he met Kid Williams, then boxing net champion, in a ten-round bout in Philadelphia March 17, 1915. For the Philadelphia net the featherweight champion, who met Williams at 132 pounds ringside and jeoparded his title, although he had knocked out Williams the latter still would have retained his laurels, received a flat guarantee of \$5000. Williams got the same price. Kilbane's manager in his New York bout for a percentage of 30 per cent. The gate receipts amounted to more than \$12,000, and the Cleveland boxer pulled down a little more than \$4000 for his share. Prices of admission ranged from \$2 to \$15. Another contest, one with a referee's decision at the finish, would prove a wonderful drawing card. It is hoped that Welsh will agree to a return bout with Kilbane, at Cedar Point, O., where Matt Hinkle may want to stage the bout in this event it would be a fifteen-rounder to a decision, and there is no doubt that if the American failed to knock out the Britisher, the Cleveland phenom would win the lightweight title on points. Kilbane is Welsh's superior, both as a boxer and as a puncher; in a twenty-rounder the American could knock out "No-decision" Freddy, and in a short bout Johnny could outpoint him.

NORTHEAST HIGH VICTORS ON TRACK

Defeat West Phillies and Have Excellent Chance for Outdoor Title

If Northeast High continues its good work on the track and field it won't be West Philadelphia for the outdoor championship, but instead the school at Seventh and Lehigh. West Philadelphia fell before the prowess of the Northeast athletes in the dual meet held at Twenty-ninth and Cambria streets by a one-sided score, 63 to 29.

There were a number of upsets, with Gronquist and Rogers the stars. Gronquist won the half-mile dash and was also first in the quarter-mile run. Northeast scored all the places in this event, for Parent was second and Pitts finished third. Rogers took a day off. He won the 100-yard and the 200-yard dash events and rested on his laurels.

When Pitts defeated Turner, the West Philadelphia miler, the Northeast pulled a big surprise. It was one of the sensational races of the afternoon, Pitts winning by a plucky sprint at the finish. Captain Harron just managed to win the 220-yard low hurdles event, for Kingester was leading and had cleared the last hurdle would have won the race.

Haverford School Track Victors Haverford School won its third consecutive track and field victory when the Main Liners walloped the Episcopal Academy team at Haverford yesterday, 76 to 21. Haverford's all-round team proved too strong for Coach Alex Grant's team. In previous meets Haverford defeated Lower Merion and Radnor High.

Catholic High Wins in League Catholic High gave Germantown a jolt in the Interscholastic League at the Water-view Recreation Center yesterday, 11 to 8. If Coach Lewis had a twirler capable of sending them over like Kulp the team would win more games. Green tried his hand and arm at it and, true to name, found that "Catholic High liked his work in the box."

Coach Lewis didn't want to see the game go up to the smokestack in the first few innings, so after Catholic High had scored eight runs and the second inning not yet ended he used Kulp, the mainstay. It was too late.

Mearkie was the bright particular star of the West Philadelphia-South Philadelphia baseball game. West Phillies won 5 to 2. Mearkie started the rally in the eighth that brought the three runs necessary to win the game. Mearkie doubled, Korb sacrificed and Brown singled.

Kave's wild throw in the ninth inning of the Central High-Northeast High baseball game was a costly error for the Archives yesterday afternoon. It was in the ninth that Central scored the winning run and won the game, 9 to 8. Sharkey and Zilinger had walked and both advanced on the wild throw. That gave Sharkey a chance to tally when Mouradian's liner went through Reeve and ended the game in favor of the Red and Black.

LEWIS AND CADDOCK MAY MEET ON MAT FOR TITLE

CHICAGO, May 2.—As the result of Ed (Strangler) Lewis's victory over John Olin here last night, a championship match is expected to be arranged between Lewis and Earl Caddock. Caddock holds the honor of having thrown Joe Stecher, former champion, while Lewis has only "no-fall" bouts with Stecher to his credit. Lewis and Olin wrestled for two hours and thirty-seven minutes without either gaining a fall. Olin then conceded the fall and match, claiming a lame shoulder.

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COLLEGE BASEBALL TODAY

Pennsylvania vs Villanova, FRANKLIN FIELD, 3 P. M. CAMBRIA A. C. KENSINGTON AVE. Friday Night, May 4th. Wolfersberg's Cham-pions vs. Cambria at 10:15. TOMMY COLEMAN vs MILBURN SATLOW SATURDAY NIGHT—SATURDAY NIGHT "Doubtful" Jack Egan vs. Ed Egan, Mer. NATIONAL A. C. 11th & Center. BILLY GIBSON vs. the minute team—8:30. BROADWAY A. C.—TONIGHT

PITCHERS WERE WHALED FOR FAIR WAY BACK IN '87 AND BILL SUNDAY WAS AMONG THE BEARCAT BATTERS

Thirty Years Ago Evangelist, Walloping Pill at .359, Joined in Great Attack on Hurlers, Sixteen Slugged 400 or More

By GRANTLAND RICE Concerning the Cincinnati Reds They may not win the pennant. But think of where they'd be if Matfy only had the wing He had in 1903. J. C. I. And then there are the Yankees—Just think how well they'd fight if they had Speaker playing left And T. R. Cobb in right!

A CORRESPONDENT desires to know whether or not "Billy" Sunday ever batted above .300. He did. Thirty years ago this season "Billy" joined in the greatest attack upon pitchers ever known in the history of baseball. The pitching forces of the game have never received such a mighty mauling as they did in 1887. This was the year wherein "Bill" reached the classic height of .359, the best mark he ever knew.

This was also the year wherein no less than 112 men in three major leagues batted above .300, and seventeen of these went on beyond .400 in the daily fusillades tossed into the pitchers' box. Figure out 112 men batting .300 or better, where last year only twenty men in the two majors reached this select corner in the province of swat. There were almost as many .400 hitters in 1887 as there were .300 hitters in 1916—or as there will be .300 hitters when the 1917 campaign is concluded.

1887, "Billy" Sunday's star season on the field, smashed all records for heavy artillery, and "Bill" contributed his quota with dazzling effect. The batsmen that season hung up an unbroken curtain of fire around pitching mounds and shattered all the fences in range. Here are a few 1887 marks worth casual observation: O'Neil, St. Louis . . . . . 492 Browning, Louisville . . . . . 471 At Maul, Philadelphia . . . . . 450 Caruthers, St. Louis . . . . . 450 Cap Anson, Chicago . . . . . 421 Dan Brothers, Detroit . . . . . 419 Ferguson, Philadelphia . . . . . 412 Mack, Louisville . . . . . 410 Thompson, Detroit . . . . . 408 Lyons, Athletics . . . . . 409

In addition to these, Burch, Burns, Orr, Radford, Robinson and Stovey all batted .400 or more that stirring campaign, while King Kelly stopped at .398. So "Billy" was a star in the days when batters were Titans. His speed and agility can be judged from his physical fitness today, when thirty years later he is still

as lithe and as active as an inopord or a panther. Visiting Note I am keeping straight and sober; I am saving up my rocks; And I'll see you in October. When the Giants play the Sox. SLATTERY STEVE "I am still wondering," writes Slattery Steve, "whether Mr. Van Loan's puny pill of 7000 feet was made with a boiler, or whether it reached the Gulf of California. This Speaker likes his apartment on the top floor of Bunting Hall. This says he has signed a two-year lease, but it is reported in local circles that one T. R. Cobb has produced eviction papers and will take the matter to court at the fall session. "When this war is over," asserts an exchange, "kings are going to be highly unpopular." So are wars. The Smartest "You have written," suggests E. E. L., "about the fastest team in baseball and the hardest hitting, but how about the longest?" Or, don't brains count any longer? The smartest ball playing machine we have seen for the last two years are the Red Sox. This team, in the main, is composed of veterans, and veterans who insist upon keeping their heads up and their eyes open. They get more out of their general qualifications than any other we know. Hobby, Barry, Scott, Gardner, Lewis and Hooper especially are all mentally alert at every given chance. For general baseball smartness in the last ten years there is still no club quite up to the level of the old Cubs. This was the clan that used its collective head even more than its hands and feet. Wars and rumors of wars mean very little to Hank O'Day. Any man who has managed the Reds and Cubs and has umpired for more than twenty years has already passed beyond the final barrier of trouble. It's long seen the worst. Life ahead can only over hope.

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